Uraniæ Metamorphoſis in Sydus:

OR, THE

TRANSFIGURATION

OF OUR

Gracious Sovereign

Queen MARY.

Diſcover'd in a

MIRACULOUS VISION

SINCE THE

CELEBRATION of Her FUNERAL.

A POEM.

To the Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq;

Chancellor of the Exchequer, and One of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council, &c.

Moſt Humbly Preſented.

Written by a Doctor of PHYSICK.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora— Ovid Metamorph.

LONDON,
Printed for *D. Browne*, at the *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1693.

Advertiſement

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

I Suppoſe by the reading of this, you will certainly paſs your judgment, that whoever wrote it, was only a Well-wiſher to Poetry, *and never will reach an Excellence. I muſt confeſs I have not the Vanity to eſteem my ſelf a Poet, or indeed am ambitious of the Title, unleſs I was ſure to ſeparate the* common Adjunct *the World gives to it, that is,* Poverty, *from its* Profeſſion. *However, ſometimes I unbend my Mind from my other Studies, and either to gratify my own melancholy Humour, or to pleaſe my Friends, venture on Verſifying, and, right or wrong,* blunder into Poetry. *Now when I have done this, I grow very apt, as others do, (ſince* Poetry *is the genuine Product of* Fanſy*) to imagine that my Compoſition may be as acceptable to the World as any yet have been; ſo what with the Flattery of*

Advertisement to the Reader.

Friendship (for so I'll now call it) and the Instigation of an heightned Fancy, I have ventur'd to make publick what was at first design'd for my own and Friends private Diversion. Nevertheless take the Poem as it is, and think not the worse of it, because it has not rais'd my Reputation so high as to deserve to be inroll'd among the Poetick Tribe. *Yet I hope your Candor will allow me this Favour among the rest, that if I have failed in giving a full and perfect Character of so good a Prince, 'tis no more than others have done before me, who have attempted to characterize Her indeed, but I am sure must own themselves utterly to have fallen short from what* She truly deserves.

Farewel.

March 7. 1694. *Bluet Court in Fetter-lane,* London.

Uraniæ

Uraniæ Metamorphoſis in Sydus:

OR, THE

TRANSFIGURATION

OF OUR

Late Gracious SOVEREIGN

Queen Mary, &c.

ONE Night, and 'twas a *diſmal* Night indeed,
The Heav'ns a *thickned Darkneſs* o'reſpread.
Cynthia cou'd not the gloomy Air inlight,
Or pierce the *ſolid Curtains* of the Night.
No twinkling Star Us the leaſt Glimpſe allow'd,
But the whole Sky was *One continu'd* Cloud.
The *reeling*-tott'ring *Houſe*, and *whiſtling* Wind
Doubl'd the ſad Confuſion of my Mind.
Thus as I lay this ſtormy Night in Bed,
And on my Pillow lean'd my *Penſive* Head,
I ſtrove with ſtrong Deſire to take my Reſt,
And with ſoft Slumbers eaſe my troubled Breaſt.
But all in vain, my hopes of Reſt were vain,
The rocking Winds ne're *lull'd* away my Pain.
The trickling Waters, ſent from th' mighty Deep
With pleaſant Murmurs, ne're *invited* Sleep.
My active Spirits, thoſe *Springs of Life*, in ſpight
Of Poppy Potions, and the *conſenting* Night

Forbad my drowſy Eyes themſelves to cloſe,
Or weari'd Limbs t'embrace a juſt Repoſe.
With Thoughts unſettl'd thus I diſtracted lay,
Expecting Comfort from th'approaching Day.
Now leaſt the Day, unkind as Night before,
Shou'd add ſome greater Miſery to my ſtore,
Amidſt theſe Troubles I reſolv'd to try
Whether 'twere poſſible *for Eaſe* to die.
So for a while my Hands and Arms I ſpread,
Wiſhing my ſelf ev'n every moment dead.
Then, as if ſtruck with the Almighty Rod,
I lay, methoughts, a ſtupid *ſenſeleſs Clod*;
Waiting my Fate, yet fearing ſtill to Die,
Wiſh'd, and Reſolv'd, I knew not what, or why.
Ah! then ſaid I (and round my Bed I roul)
What mean theſe ſad Diſtractions of my Soul?
Some dire Preſage, alas! I know't too well,
Theſe my *Prophetick* troubl'd *Thoughts* foretel!
When on a ſudden ſtartled with a Noiſe,
I know not whence it came, I heard a Voice,
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone*;
'Iwas Heav'ns Decree She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

The Voice no ſooner reach'd my trembling Ears,
But my quick Eyes help'd to augment my Fears.
For ſtrait a *Flaming Light* ſhone round the Room,
Not ſuch as from dull Fire, or Lightning come:
But as the Sun in its Meridian bright,
If that the Sun himſelf has ſo much Light.
Wrap'd in this *Light*, for 'twas a *Lambent* Flame,
A Youth, a *Lovely Youth*, methoughts, there came,
Whoſe radiant Beauty far outſhin'd the Sun;
No Lover ſaw the like, but was undone.
His Eyes to Pearls too mean were to compare,
For ſure I am each rather was a *Star*,
Which with Majeſtick pleaſantneſs he roul'd
On ev'ry ſide, then labour'd to unfold
His curled Locks, *his Locks of pureſt Gold.*

I view'd

I view'd his Hand, the milk or *driv'n Snow*
Could never half that perfect Whiteneſs ſhow.
A well-tun'd *Harp* hung dangling on his Arm,
With which, as well as *Beauty*, he could charm.
On this he play'd his Melancholy Strain;
He play'd, and ſigh'd, and play'd, and ſigh'd again:
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone,*
'Twas Heav'ns Decree She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.
And here he wept---oh! with what lovely Grace
The *trickling Tears* bedew'd his tender Face!
After ſome Pauſe at laſt he Silence broke,
And thus to me, *now fearleſs grown*, he ſpoke.

I come in Meſſage from the Eaſtern ſhore,
To tell you that *URANIA is no more.*
Me their wing'd Meſſenger kind Heav'n ſends,
To let you know *y'have loſt the Beſt of Friends.*
With quick diſpatch I bring th' unwelcome News,
Leſt lying Fame your *credulous Faith* abuſe;
And fed by Flattery you ſtill believe,
Becauſe you hope't, and wiſht, She's ſtill alive:
No, 'tis not ſo, I waited at Her Death,
And ſaw Her vent Her utmoſt *panting* Breath:
'Twas ſad, but 'twas my Duty there to wait,
And Heav'ns Command I ſhou'd attend Her Fate.
I ſaw the *fatal Arrow*, as it went,
From the deſtroying Angel's Quiver ſent.
I ſaw Him dipt in Poiſon, as I ſtood,
Which gave th' Infection to the Royal Blood.
When *ſtrugling Nature labour'd*, tho' in vain,
Th' *impriſon'd Venom* to diſcharge again.
I ſaw when it at firſt with angry Face
Lurk'd undiſtinguiſh'd *in the Tainted Maſs*;
And *blooming Spots* appearing from within,
Creep'd through the *little Crannies* of the Skin.
A Skin ſo Charming, and ſo wond'rous Fair,
That I want Words its Beauty to declare;

Tho

Thô then it look'd, for I remember't yet,
Like poliſh'd Silver with fine Rubies ſet.

Thus the firſt Scene with flatt'ring hopes began,
And all things ſmooth in th' uſual Current ran,
Until the Angel gave the Fatal Blow,
(For Heav'n decreed, and therefore 't muſt be ſo)
And cut the Thread, the ſlender Thread of Life,
And from the Beſt of Husbands took the Kindeſt Wife.
Then might you ſee, what's dreadful to relate,
Triumphant Death in all its Pomp and State.
The *livid Spots* now o're Her Body range,
The ſure Forerunners of the Tragick change.
Theſe gave the *Signal* of approaching Death,
And *curdling* Blood *thick'nd* her Sighs and Breath;
For now the *florid Rubies* ſhone no more,
But back retir'd into the *putrid Gore*;
The languid Spirits, now few, together throng,
And *ſlowly* drive the Circulation on.
Or (as Flocks hurri'd promiſcuouſly ſtray)
Through their *Convulſive Chamels* fly away.
Pale Looks, and hanging Head with meagre meen,
Uſher'd in the ſecond dreadful Scene.
How wan! How ſtrangely chang'd ſhe ſeem'd to me
That knew Her in Her Youth and Bravery!
When Her *brisk Eyes* darted ſuch am'rous Rays,
As they, *who dare not ſay they love*, muſt praiſe.
At length, with *trembling* Lips, and *falt'ring* Tongue,
In Words confus'd, mix'd with Devotion,
The *laſt Effort* that yielding Nature made,
Thus to Her *Deareſt Conſort*, fainting, ſaid,

Farewel to worldly Vanities and State,
Since 'tis Decreed, I humbly *court* my Fate.
I *freely* can to Pleaſures bid adieu,
And *gladly* part with ev'ry thing---*But You.*
You my Life's Happineſs, *my Soul*, my All,
All that poor URANIA *Dear* can call.

To

To You *I must*----And here She ſtop'd awhile,
And with a kind, but half convulſive Smile,
I muſt again, She ſaid, my Thoughts reveal;
And bid, and bid *unwillingly* Farewel.
Kind Heav'n proſper----Then She loſt her Voice,
And only made a ſilent *murm'ring* Noiſe,
Aiming to ſpeak, as She had done before,
Cou'd not, *but ſigh'd, and kiſs'd, and was no more.*
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone,*
'Twas Heav'ns Decree She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

After this Youth had told his humble Tale,
And, as I thought, with that concluded all,
Taking his Harp, that on his Arm he hung,
This *Hymn* he paſſionately play'd, and ſung.

Bleſt Angels who are *All-o're-Love,*
In doleful Conſort join with me,
And mourn *URANIA's* Fate above,
She was *All-Love* as well as Ye:

I mourn *URANIA, Lovely URANIA's* gone,
'Twas Heav'ns *Decree* ſhe ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

Place Her among the *brighteſt Choir,*
And *Faireſt* Spirits of the Sky;
For She was made of Heav'nly Fire,
And was as Bright, and *Fair* as they.

URANIA's Dead, the *Fair URANIA's* gone,
'Twas Heav'ns *Decree* She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

If any Souls among the reſt
More *Innocent* or *Pure* can be,
With them be She for ever Bleſt,
She was as Innocent as they.

URANIA, th' *Innocent URANIA's* gone,
'Twas Heav'ns *Decree* She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

If any Saint for greater Fame
Of Piety Heav'n prefer,
Among theſe Saints inrol *Her* Name,
She was as *Pious* as they were.

URANIA's Dead, *Pious URANIA*'s gone,
'Twas Heav'ns *Decree*, &c.

Humility in Princes ſeen,
Claims *juſtly* a Celeſtial Seat;
Then what do's She deſerve, a Queen
That was *ſo Good, ſo humbly Great*?

URANIA's Dead, th' *Humble URANIA*'s gone,
'Twas Heav'ns, &c.

Mourn then, the *Lovely Fair* One mourn,
Bright without Pride, *Fair* without Scorn.
As *Innocent* as th' harmleſs Dove,
As *Pious* as the Saints above;
As *Great* as Majeſty cou'd be,
Yet greater in *Humility*.

This is th' *URANIA* that is Dead and gone,
Whom Heav'n rewards with an *Eternal* Crown.

Swift as the Light'ning then away He flew,
Leaving me muſing what He was, and who;
So I to recollect my ſelf began,
And *ſcatter'd Spirits* ralli'd up again:
This ſure, ſaid I, gueſſing by th' Harp in hand,
Muſt be the *Genius* of Our Native Land,
Whom Heav'n ordain'd, being Heav'ns *peculiar Care*,
To watch and guard *URANIA* every where.
'Midſt bloody Wars her Influence did us ſave;
Not only Life and ſure Protection gave,
And thô unworthy made us happy ſtill,
Pouring on Bleſſings *ev'n againſt our Will*.

No

No longer now our *harmleſs Soil* let's boaſt,
Think other Nations by th' *Old Serpent* curſt;
Where a vaſt num'rous Brood of poys'nous Spawn
Lies undiſcern'd in ev'ry Wood, and Lawn:
For ſince that She is Dead, and with Her All,
I'll nothing Happineſs, or Bleſſing call.
My rambling Thoughts perplex, and Spirits ſink,
My very Soul for Grief *forgets to think.*
My Reaſon too---- Hold there, a Voice repli'd,
Paſſion muſt not your Reaſon, Sir, miſguide.
Althô th' Affliction's great, You'r not undone,
All Bliſs in ſuch a Pair that rul'd the Throne,
Is never wholly loſt by loſing One.
And here He ſilent ſtood, whil'ſt I amaz'd,
And wondring whence the Voice came, round me gaz'd;
When I eſpi'd, much like the firſt, another
Fair Youth, which I believ'd to be his Brother:
But ſeem'd to have a more *Majeſtick* Soul,
As if *He acted all* without Controul,
And ſend *His Placats* into diſtant Lands,
To teach 'em how to execute's Commands.
A *Lyon Rampant* carv'd on's Sword He wore,
True Emblem of the Power and Sway He bore;
Whoſe ver' *Effigies* was ſo finely done,
That *Anger* ſparkled from the Sword alone:
Or ſo, at leaſt, it ſeem'd to me that Night,
Who'd been ſo long *in one continu'd Fright.*
Whil'ſt thus I lay *half dead* with new Surprize,
Viewing the *glitt'ring Form* with eager Eyes,
He ſpake again-----

Think this, and learn by thinking to repent,
Not ſo much Loſs, as *gen'ral Puniſhment,*
Sent by th' Almighty's juſt afflicting Hand
A Scourge for Sin, and to *refine* the Land;
That thoſe whoſe *Buſineſs* is themſelves to pleaſe,
Glutted with Lux'ry, and *ſurfeited* with Eaſe,

'Midſt

'Midſt the Career of their lov'd Jollities,
May *by Affliction* learn to be more wiſe.
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone;*
'Twas Heav'ns Decree She ſhou'd exchange a Throne.

I the *Good Genius* of the *Brittiſh* Iſle,
Not long---and here He ſigh'd, and paus'd awhile;
Had the Joint-charge, and *Tutelary* care
By Heav'n appointed, of the *Royal Pair.*
Being Decreed by the Eternal Will,
Which is Unalterable, we fulfil;
That where Two Princes do One Scepter ſway,
Two Angels ſhou'd a Joint-attendance pay.
Thus as we ſerv'd, ſo we together moan,
That half our Charge, our *pleaſant Charge* is gone.
And ev'n Immortal Beings ſcarce can tell
Her Praiſe ſufficient, *She deſerv'd ſo well.*
Her very Thoughts, for thoſe I underſtood,
And private Motions of her Soul were good.
Go then, and publiſh what you ſee and hear,
And tell the World this ſhort juſt Character.

The Woman's Dead, whom vain 'twere to pretend
For *ſingle Virtues* only to commend;
Her Modeſt, Chaſte, or Affable to call,
For She was more, nay, *She alone was All.*
And if Her real Worth you'll try to find,
Say all the Good you can of Womankind.
When you want *Words* (and that I'm ſure you muſt,
If that Her Character be true and juſt)
Then let your *ſubtle Imagination* try
To form a Notion in th' higheſt degree
Of ſome abſtracted Good in's Purity,
Conceive't aright, and *then I'm ſure 'tis She.*
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone,*
'Twas Heav'ns, &c.

The Wife is Dead, whom Nature never made,
Or Int'reſt taught, to love *in Maſquerade*.
To *feign* Obedience, that was really none,
Or by diſſembling gain Affection.
By which, ſome their fond Husbands Paſſions move,
And *gently cheat*, and *wheadle* into Love.
But as for Her, who ſcorn'd that *trifling* way,
'Twas the ſame thing *to love*, and *to obey*.
She ne're *compell'd* Her *ſtruggling* Will to bend
To humour Husband, or to flatter Friend.
For all She did, was done with ſo much Eaſe,
Was ſo *ſincere*, ſo free from Artifice,
That in *Her very Nature* 'twas to pleaſe.
Wou'd you deſcribe Beſt Woman, and Beſt Wife?
Deſcribe, thô Dead, URANIA *to the Life*.
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone*;
'Twas Heav'ns, &c.

The Queen is Dead, who whil'ſt She wore the Crown,
Made Juſtice's temper ſweet as was Her own.
And ſo with Mercy mix'd as ſerv'd for Awe,
Yet *ſoftn'd* the *Severities* of the Law.
If e're *Induſtrious Clemency* was ſhown
To ſave ſuch Wretches as deſerved none;
Vile Wretches, hard n'd Rebels, who ſought Her Blood,
'Twas then She ſtrove, and *labour'd* to do Good.
Strange *condeſcending* Majeſty that can
By yielding conquer t ſelf, and ſtubborn Man!
Yet ſo She did; and grand Affairs of State
With ſo much prudent Management debate,
With ſuch an acurate Judgment, that 'twas plain
The QUEEN, *the Wife, the Woman were the ſame*.
Heav'ns bleſs Great CÆSAR, *if He wed agen*,
With ſuch a Woman, ſuch a Wife, and ſuch a QUEEN.
URANIA's *Dead, the Dear* URANIA's *gone*;
'Twas Heav'ns, &c.

No ſooner had He done, but cloſe by's ſide
There ſtood the very Woman He deſcrib'd.

As far as I cou'd gueſs by th' outward Meen,
She cou'd n't be leſs than (as I thought) *a QUEEN.*
And ſo it was; but as I fix'd my Eyes,
To pry more near into theſe Myſteries,
And Sacred Image perfectly to view,
Vaſt *ſtreams of Light*, methoughts, around Her flew.
'Tis true, althô 'tis wonderfully ſtrange,
I ſaw a glor'ous and ſtupend'ous Change:
Her Body now grew, *EMINENTLY* bright,
And with a *Flood of Beams* confound my ſight;
Althô before it ſeem'd of Heav'nly Race,
And brighter far than ever Mortals was.
Yet now *ten thouſand times redoubl'd Beams*
Dart from the Maſs, and flow in *mighty Streams*;
With *glowing Colour* firſt appearing Red,
Like the Sun riſing from his Eaſtern Bed.
Then with a Flame, bright as th' Merid'an Sun,
I thought indeed it was the ſame, it ſhone.
And even now when ever it appears,
It *drowns* the light of all the leſſer Stars.
Next which I ſaw ſome Stars with *dimmer* light,
Which becauſe near, ſeem'd not to ſhine ſo bright,
Around that *mighty flaming Globe* diſplay
Such Influence, as *Alone* would make a Day.
But now ſeem'd *Spangles, little Gems of light*;
Deſign'd, perhaps, by Power Infinite,
To pay ſome ſignal ſecret Service, theſe
Philoſophers have call'd *Satellites*;
Who on ſome Star of greater Magnitude wait,
Who gives his Influence, *as 'twere in State.*
Thus the whole *Conſtellation* form'd I ſaw,
And th' Angels with it from my ſight withdraw,
Convey'd to Heav'n with a vaſt glitt'ring Train,
And with Her Glory's plac'd next *Charles's-Wain*;
Where now She Reigns, and ſends Her Influence down
Eternally to guard, and bleſs the BRITTISH *CROWN.*

FINIS.

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